did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course unnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindenesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? we wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expresse a generall praise to her, and care in us, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'he gods, that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I advise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seaes in Cockels, have and wish but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To use one Langnage, in each severall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to live. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his lives delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to governe it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.

Well

Well saying ships, and b
This King to *Tharsus*, thi
So with his sterage, shall
To fetch his daughter hon
Like moates and shadow
Your eares unto your eye

Enter Pericles at one door
at the other. Cleon shew
makes lamentation, put
departs.

Gower. See how beleef
This borrowed passion sta
And *Pericles* in sorrow a
With sighes shot through
Leaves *Tharsus*, and again
Never to wash his face, n
He put on sackcloth and t
A tempest which his mort
And yet he rides it out. N
To the Epitaph for *Marin*

The fairest sweete
Who withered in h
She was of Tyrus
On whom foule, dea
Marina was she c
That is being prou
Therefore the earth
Hath Thetis birth-
Wherefore she does
Make raging Batt

No vizor does become bla
So well as soft and tender
Let *Pericles* beleeve his da
And beare his courses to be

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k